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ROYAL BENEVOLENCE :

A

P O E M

Most humbly Address'd to her MAJESTY

Queen *CAROLINE*.

As it was

Presented to the said Queen's MAJESTY
by the AUTHOR:

On *Friday* the 2d of *October*, 1730. at *Wind-*
for-Castle.

To which is annexed, A

POEM on PROVIDENCE.

Both written by STEPHEN DUCK, Thresher and Husband-
man, of the County of *Wilts*.

LONDON: Printed and, DUBLIN: Re-printed and Sold
by GEORGE FAULKNER, at the *Pamphlet-shop* in *Essex-*
street, opposite to the *Bridge*.

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ROYAL BENEVOLENCE

P O M



Queen - CAROLINE

As it was

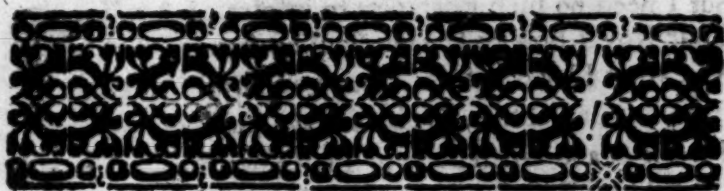
Transmitted to the said Queen's Majesty
by the AU THOR.
On Friday the 2d of October 1790, at White
for Copy.

To which is annexed A

POEM on PROVIDENCE.

Both written by STEPHEN DICK, Thresher and Husband-
man, of the County of Wilt.

London: Printed and, DUBLIN: Re-printed and Sold
by GEORGE PARKMAN, at the Printing-Shop in AL-
bion opposite to the Bridge.



ON
ROYAL BENEVOLENCE.

Most humbly Inscribed to Her MAJESTY

Queen **CAROLINE.**

MOST bounteous QUEEN, my grateful
Thanks I pay,
Which scarcely for the Dress of Words
will stay :
Your ROYAL MAJESTY a Muck-worm
took

From Labour, pleas'd with his mean trifling Book,
And now the Reptile at your Foot-stool lays
In humble Strains, to sing your worthy Praise.
The Wits prophane may court *Urania's* Aid,
And make Addresses to a fictitious Shade.

But



But I need no such Phantoms to inspire ;
Your Royal Bounty sets my Soul on fire ;
And what I lov'd before, I now admire.

As on our Parents, & about us stand,
I look'd, and fallen State of Man bewail'd.

I pray'd for Ease from Sorrow, Want and Pain,
And labour'd, my poor Offspring to maintain.

Without ambitious Thoughts, or Wishes vain,
I found my Ease in only Rest from Pain ;

And bless'd the Giver, when I thrash'd the Grain.

Yet Want sometimes would stare me in the Face,
And scarce my Labour wou'd supply my Race.

When Heav'n, in pity to my poor Estate,
Brought me in Favour with the Wise and Great ;
And heaping Bounty upon Bounty more,
Rais'd me to Plenty from a Threshing-floor.

Your Royal Goodness o're my Cottage shone,
With brighter Beams, than did the rising Sun ;
And from a Barn Companion to the Mice,
Plac'd me at Ease, and in a Paradise.

Under great Heaven, my Queen I must adore,
Whose bount'ous Soul no Captive needs implore.

Like Phœbus, in his Glory, all She sees,
And blesses all in various Dignities.

May Heav'n preserve all who surround her Throne,
And may her Line never want a Roman Son.



Now, as I've leisure Fancy to display,
 My Pen shall ever grateful Homage pay :
 For sure no Wretch can e're so stupid prove,
 As to be blind to such abundant Love.
 What am I—What I was—From whence I came,
 Are Thoughts can't leave me long without a Theme.

WHEN e're I view the Grain in Barn or Field,
 Or see a Farm that does God's Blessing yeild;
 The Prospect will such Contemplation raise,
 As must begin in Joy, and end in Praise.
 No Meadow green, or Stack or Cock of Hay,
 But where I view will furnish an Essay :
 And then the Objects of my Praise will be,
 The mighty Lord, and her great Majesty.
 Our God, the Author of Benevolence,
 Who does, by second Causes, Gifts dispense ;
 In Goodness as in Greatness infinite,
 His Children to good Actions does excite.

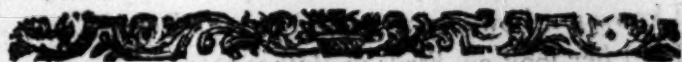
HE saw her Majesty made up of Love,
 And often heard her Oraison above:

To know his Will, and knowing it to do
 His Work, is all She aims at here below:
 Th' Almighty seeing so much Christian Grace,
 And how, on Earth, she ran the heavenly Race ;
 Has constituted ROYAL CAROLINE
 His Agent here, to make his Glory shine.

The

The Noble, Great and Powerful, humbly kneel;
 submissive, full of Loyalty and Zeal:
 And ask but to obey to all Commands,
 Sign'd by such just and mutal Royal Hands,
 The poor anticipated have no more,
 Than but to have it barely known they're Poor.
 Nay, some have strove their Poverty to hide,
 Through shame, or, what should shame, remaining Pride:
 But such our Royal QUEEN in secret found,
 And brought them out of Mire to Blessed Ground,
 And this contriving and performing Good,
 Runs in each Vain of HANOVERIAN Blood:





On PROVIDENCE.

COULD Mortals taste of heavenly Bliss and Joy,
 The Rapture would the human Frame destroy
 Our little Minds, tost with perpetual Cares,
 Are lost, when Grief or Joy comes unawares,
 Excess shakes Nature, but Vicissitude
 In Moderation is an Interlude
 When right apply'd to all our humane Good.

I, who have labour'd in a Threshing-floor,
 Was once contented in my State but poor,
 Yet, like all Mortals, still I pray'd for Ease,
 But labour'd still, like the industrious Bees;
 Knowing the Winter comes, when Food is dear,
 And Nature wants Supplies of wholesome Cheer:
 Justly to think is Happiness on Earth,
 And cheerful Thoughts at Labour is sound Mirth:
 I, who have labour'd for a trifling Sum,
 Was pleas'd, to think the time of Pay was come:
 One Shilling goes for this, and one for that,
 And still the Flail went patt and patt a-patt :

The

The Wife would say, - How can you be content?

I know not how to pay your Quarter's Rent;

I bid her look on Birds in Bushes there,

And see the little silly Insect here;

Behold the Order of the Universe,

And ask the Hen and Chickens for a Purse:

She talk'd, like Women, guided by a Will,

Who nothing knew of real Good or Ill:

But when she had the Course of Things survey'd,

She own'd, what all must own, Heaven sends us Aid

To all its Creatures, Reason and Instinct join,

And both, with Care, complete our God's Design:

A virtuous Man may various Troubles find,

But still the greatest Trouble's in the Mind:

The Death of Friends affects us — Poor, we pine,

But could we see our Maker's great Design,

There's some good End, and something that's Divine.

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